

## The Courier.

AN EDITOR IS DISGUISED.—Wm H Clark, the editor of the Kendall (Ill.) Clarion, loves a good joke and never lets an opportunity slip that promises a dish of fun. Here is his last.

DISGUISED.—We have lately got a new sort of clothes and no man could be more effectually disguised. Upon first putting them on we felt like a cat in a strange garret, and for a time the thought we were "swapped off." We went in to change and were told they had been

our wife asked us if we wanted to see Mr. Clark, and told us that we would find him at the office, we went there, and pretty soon one of our business men came in, with a strip of paper in his hand, and the use of the editor was to tell him we thought not asked him if he w<sup>d</sup> to see him particularly, and he wanted him to pay that bill, told him we didn't believe he would be in business man left Started to the bottom of the mile counting leaves and the others asked the other What handsome stranger is this? In the evening we met a friend and told him who we were, and got him to introduce us to our wife who is now as proud of her husband as the next man. I saw a new suit, we shall let her know hereafter

In the "Life Thoughts of Henry Ward Beecher," we find the following on the subject of congregational singing in connection with religious worship

"It is with the singing of a forest on as with the sighing of the wind in the grove among the leaves of the maple, leaves and the boughs striking upon each other, altogether make a harmony no matter what be the individual dissonance

You never can have congregational singing if it is left to the choir. You never can have a singing in the family and singing in the house, singing in the shop and singing in the street

singing everywhere until it becomes a habit  
you never can give congregational singing.  
I will be like the cold drops: half water, half ice,  
which drop in March from some clift of a rock  
one drop here and another there, where com-  
monly be like the August shower, which comes  
ten million drops at once and roars on the roof.  
I like to see people sing when they have to  
stop in the middle of the verse and cry a little.  
I like such unwritten rests and pauses in the  
music.

These hymns come to the houses of God al-  
ready laden with home associations, their singing  
will be what is ought to be—social Christian  
worship.

How You Give and Receive A tall man

looking countryman, during the height of the business season last fall, walked upon one of the largest dry goods houses in —, and entertained the indignation of the numerous salesmen who were to inspect their latest patterns, strode into the counting room, where the firm were sitting in solemn conference. After taking a casual glance of the room and attentively surveying the faces of its occupants, he asked with an unctuous Yankee twang

Say, yoo? got no nobs here?

"Nobs, er, n' n' n'!" repeated the most dignified of the lot. He ar, what should we do with nobs?"

"Wall, I dunno—thought may be you m'gt have n'ot no nobs eh."

The soiled dual is crutch of the rails took to the  
tion but left the counting room. In time  
asked every clerk the same question, and re-  
ceived the information from them all that he  
formed no part of the stock of the establish-  
ment.

Wall said, he, going towards the door  
"don't keep me here below?"

The principal was upon whose dignity was  
hurt by the fact that any one should suppose  
that an exalted man at where he held a pre-  
eminent place should keep in the counting  
room as he was proceeding towards the  
entrance, and asked abruptly what he wanted  
there

“Want said the countryman as cool as a cucumber, I want to know if you’ve got no nairs?”

Naibs, no sir. You’ve been told again and again that we’re no nairs—so I got no better go’n’—but you really ain’t got no nairs.”

No sir, I’ve got no nairs. Thundered the salesman.

Ain’t got no nairs, eh? Well then you look a here. Matter if you ain’t got no nairs? *Hebent a awful fix upon the man if you’d happen to have the stick.*

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**HOBBSY AND TINK**

It seems an odd thing  
That the mouth will tell a thing  
In spite of their stomachs.

For clean old suits,  
And frequently said,  
"We can do without breeches,  
But not without breeks."

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*—Lasty Fair*

Wednesday asked Sheridan how he had  
rid of his fresh argue as he wished to get  
of his Scotch nature. "My dear fellow,"  
Sheridan, "don't attempt such a thing. To  
house listens to you because they don't un-  
stand you, but if you become intelligible, they  
will be able to take your measure."

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Set a pitcher of water in a room and in a  
hours it will have absorbed nearly all the  
poisoned and perished gases in the room, the

of which will have become purer, but the water will be utterly filthy. The colder the water, the greater its capacity to contain these gases. This capacity is nearly doubled by reducing the water to the temperature of ice. Hence, water kept in the room awhile is always unguaranteed for the same reason: the water in a pump shaft should always be pumped out in the morning before any use. Impure water is more injurious than pure air.

“You are a Yankee, said a fellow teamster to a negro  
“Well sir, I am no more responsible for being born a Yankee, than you are for being born an ass,” was the curt reply

No AID FOR THARTERS. Capt. Parrot, of large foundry at Cold Spring, opposite West Point, one of the foundries most extensively engaged in the casting of cannon in the country, has refused to fill any orders for arms which may come to him from the secessionists. At the time of the secession of Georgia, he had in orders from the government of that State cannon, which he promptly returned on receipt of the news and also refused to make any deliveries of cannon already cast.

In Meriden, Conn., a company has recently been formed with \$100,000 cash capital, for the manufacture of rifle-penned screws, by means of patented machinery.

At Montreal they have had a snow-shoe walking match, the winner walking five miles by a route short of fifty-five minutes.











